ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, 11th JULY, 1920.

3.15 P.M.

EVENSONG AND SERMON.

Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis ... ... *Stanford* in A.

ANTHEM—No. 1457. *Martin.*

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto Me, eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear, and come unto Me: hear, and your soul shall live. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon. Incline your ear, and come unto Me: hear, and your soul shall live. Then ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the fields shall clap their hands. Then ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and hills shall break forth before you into singing. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, instead of the brier, shall come up the myrtle tree. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye, come to the waters; then ye shall go out with joy.

BEFORE SERMON—HYMN No. 408. *English Hymnal.*

J. G. Whittier, 1807-92.

Immortal love for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the Name,
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came
And comprehendeth love.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown;

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His Name.

Alone, O Love ineffable,
Thy saving Name is given;
To turn aside from Thee is hell,
To walk with Thee is heaven. Amen.

PREACHER—

The Rev. J. G. SIMPSON, D.D., Canon in Residence.

Owing to the strain put by the War on the finances of the Cathedral, the Dean and Chapter think it right that the Congregation should be asked to contribute more than they have hitherto done towards the maintenance of the Services. A Collection for this purpose will, accordingly, be made at the doors on this and every other Sunday Afternoon, except when a Special Collection is taken for some other object.